

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published at Six o'Clock every Saturday Morning; and forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 83. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1820. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

A Picturesque Tour along the Rhine, from Mentz to Cologne: with Illustrations of the Scenes of Remarkable Events and of Popular Traditions. By Baron J. J. Von Gerning. Embellished with twenty-four highly finished and coloured Engravings, from the Drawings of M. Schuetz; and accompanied by a Map. Translated from the German by John Black. Elephant 4to. pp. 178. London, 1820.

To Mr. Ackermann the public are indebted for ushering forth some of the most splendid specimens of the graphic and typographic art of the present day. With a zeal for the promotion of the fine arts, and a public spirit that is truly laudable, he has undertaken works of the most splendid description, which have been illustrative, not only of the antiquities of our own, but also of other countries; and we trust he has met with that encouragement to which so enterprising a publisher is well entitled.

The tour along the Rhine is confined to that part of it which is called the Middle Rhine, or the course from Mentz to Cologne, where this noble river appears to the greatest advantage. 'The beauty and sublimity of this portion of the Rhine,' says the translator in his preface, 'exhibiting, in varied succession, every description of scenery from the wildest mountains, rocky precipices, and hills crowned by ancient castles to vallies vieing in sweetness and fertility with the most favoured spots of Italy, attract to it, every summer, a multitude of travellers from all parts of Europe.' The Rhine is interesting in another point of view. From the time of Cæsar to the present day, this river has occupied a large portion of the page of history. Its genial banks were the early abode of learning, art, and industry; and nearly all the great wars of modern Europe have been carried on in its vicinity.

The author of this work, Baron Von Gerning, holds a high rank among the literary men of his country; and has been employed, in a diplomatic capacity, by the Prince of Hesse Hombourg, at the court of Great Britain, and at the Diet of Francfort. He has viewed the Banks of the Rhine with the eye of a man of taste, a scholar, and an antiquary. The translator has done the author justice; and has added, in the shape of notes, the elucidations which several subjects required, to render them intelligible to the English reader.

We are sensible that no extracts that we can make will furnish an adequate idea of this work, which must be viewed as a whole and in reference to the beautiful engravings with which it is enriched, to do it any degree of justice; we shall, however, notice one or two interesting portions of the author's Tour. At Wiesbaden, celebrated for its springs and baths, there is a building called the Medical Palace, which forms a striking contrast to the

clumsy erection in this metropolis, called Surgeon's Hall. It is, indeed, melancholy to think, notwithstanding the immense sums spent in England on public edifices, there is scarcely one that is not a disgrace to the age and to the advancement which we have made in other branches of the fine arts:—

'This medical palace,' says the author, 'over which taste has so eminently presided, and which, after the lapse of a thousand years, may attract attention as a beautiful ruin, was built in 1809 and 1810, and now appears in full splendour. In the contemplation of this columned hall we feel ourselves transported to Greece or Italy. All is simply beautiful, in a noble antique style, and the outside more particularly. In the interior of the medical hall there are some defects, but it is easier to censure than to improve them. The hall into which we first enter is provided with booths, is 220 feet in length, and is supported by six Ionic columns of sand-stone, and twenty-four smaller columns. The principal and more central hall, which is 130 feet in length, and sixty feet in breadth, is adorned with twenty-four Corinthian columns, each of them fourteen feet in height, and from fourteen to seventeen inches thick, of variegated or shell marble, from the quarries of Vilmar, near Selters.* Four other large columns of the same description, of which two are from one piece, support the ducal hall, behind which there are two elegant apartments. The stately tables are of the same home marble. The painting on the walls and ceilings, executed in an elegant style, is the work of Heideloff, the decoration-painter of Weimar. This hall is embellished with new mirrors and marbled walls, and with twenty-one copies of busts and statues in marble, by Franzoni of Carrara. Among the statues, there is a beautiful copy of the Apollino, executed at Rome, in Carrara marble, by C. F. Ghinard, for Vergennes, in 1787.

'The first idea of this building originated with M. von Wolzogen of Weimar, who died here while taking the waters, in 1809. Zais, a native of Wurtemberg, is the architect of this splendid edifice, which might be considered an ornament to an imperial city; and though, when viewed in relation to Wiesbaden, it may appear disproportionate, as has sometimes been observed; yet this objection vanishes when we reflect on the medical importance of the place, and its classic situation, which so eminently merits this honour. The following golden inscription over the principal entrance is suitable, and though not exactly German, is characterized by an antique simplicity:

FONTIBUS MATTIACIS. M.DCCC.X.

Shady walks, with delightful shrubberies and pieces of water, in a space of thirty acres, surround a spot doubly enchanting from art and natural beauty.'

At Schlangenbad there is a bath which is peculiarly beneficial in nervous affections, and was discovered above two hundred years ago, from the circumstance of a dis-

* They cost 600 Louis d'ors; the four larger, 150 Louis d'ors; the twenty-one statues, 1100 Louis d'ors; 370 Louis d'ors were paid for the Apollino; and the expense of the whole building, erected by a joint-stock company, was 125,000 florins.

eased cow having been recovered by it. The spring flows, luke warm, out of a rich rocky fountain. 'By the continued use of it' (we are told, and some of our readers will we hope, thank us for re-echoing the information,) 'the dried and shrivelled skin is softened and strengthened: and thus it gives to old age the properties of youth; it is still more favorable to persons of middle age and to youth, especially of the female sex: their tender skin, by its use, becomes still more tender and white.' The springs, with a piece of ground around them, and the necessary wood for building, were purchased, in 1657, by Dr. Glorin, of Worms, of the commune of Berstatt, for two *ohms* of wine (seventy-six gallons) and then he allowed the villagers the free use of the bath in the one-story house which he erected:—

'Here, surrounded by rose bushes, we find the three fountains, which throw up 3500 *ohms* of water in twenty-four hours; and twelve spacious baths, six small and six large, one of them a shower-bath; three of them are faced round with porcelain and one with marble. There are six other baths, not yet in a state to be used, in the new house, which is still unfinished. This light and delicate water is also beneficial as a beverage to persons with weak lungs, though it has not a mineral taste. The linen which has been washed in it resembles the driven snow. On an average of ten years, Schlangenbad has not yielded fifty florins of net revenue, without including the expense of the architectural improvements. The wood for heating the baths costs almost one third more than what they usually bring in. But institutions of this nature are of importance not merely in a financial point of view, but also with reference to suffering humanity; and in protecting and upholding them, their princely benefactors erect permanent monuments to themselves.'

In the account of Mentz, Baron Gerning notices one Henry Frauenlob, the *minnesanger* (a singer of love) as having lived there, and being carried to his grave by females at his death, in 1318. To this passage the translator adds the following explanatory note:—

'The minne-singers, or *minnesängers*, were a description of poets in Germany, who flourished chiefly in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, and whose productions bear considerable resemblance to those of the Troubadours. It appears from an old document in Schilter, under the article *Bardus*, that Henry Frauenlob, at Mentz, doctor of theology, was one of "the first twelve *masters* and *poets* of Germany, who recited their compositions at Pavia before the Emperor Otho I. and Pope Leo VIII. with great applause; and who, in consequence, were honoured by these potentates with a charter, and a golden crown, authorizing them to sing and diffuse their art throughout the whole Roman empire of the German nation." In a number of towns of Germany, the poets were incorporated in the manner of the different trades, and a sort of apprenticeship was served by them. On becoming a member of the incorporation, the poet was called a master-singer (*meister-sänger*.) Frauenlob was, properly, a master-singer. Much has been written of late, in Germany, on the subject of minne-singers and master-singers, and the attempt to draw the line of distinction between them has given rise to much controversy.'

We now pass on to the Rheingau, in the account of which we are told—

'The inhabitants of the Rheingau are kind, frank, hospitable, and, generally speaking, endowed with a certain innate hilarity, which well becomes them. As the district was itself separated from the country adjacent by the Rhine and a trench, its inhabitants were, in like manner, a separate people. They yet form, as it were, only one family, especially the inhabitants of Rudesheim, who are almost all related to each other, and who seldom marry elsewhere. Persons when

they meet greet each other with the words, "Good time!" which in a bad time sounded doubly grateful.

'In former days, the festal peals of the baptized and consecrated May-bells sweetly echoed through the pleasant hills and vallies of the Rheingau, from the setting in of even to the dawn of morning, with the view of obtaining the blessing of Heaven on the labours of man in that season of hope, when he commits the source of his future subsistence to the bosom of the earth, and when, in the unsuspecting confidence of piety, he supposes the continuance or the failure of the bounty of nature may depend on the efficacy of his prayers. This ringing of bells has been prohibited here as well as elsewhere, on account of the disturbance which it occasioned by night; but the herb-wine retained its rights, and still continues to be as refreshing as Rhenish nectar.

'The most delightful periods of the year in the Rheingau, and more particularly in Rudesheim, are, that in which the vine puts forth its blossoms, when the whole country is filled with the most delightful fragrance; and autumn, when grapes of the very best quality invite to enjoyment. They are not trodden here, but beat; and we therefore drink the must without hesitation or disgust.

'The same wild hubbub and idle discharge of fire arms which take place elsewhere, are not to be heard in the Rheingau; but the men and women connected with the vine-cultivation, form processions with music and singing. A female is elected wine-matron in the bacchanalian procession at the end of the vintage. There are houses and vineyards of considerable value belonging to various old and new proprietors, especially in Geisenheim and Rudesheim. This district, with respect to mildness of climate, may indisputably pass for the most southern zone of Germany. The road from Geisenheim to Rudesheim is the most beautiful of the whole Rheingau; and a row of walnut and elm trees affords also that beneficent shade, which we so seldom meet with in this wine-region, where, in general, more attention is paid to the culture of the grape, than to that of fruit or ornamental trees. Viewed from an adjacent height, this enchanting tract of country appears before us like a carpet of delight, skilfully woven by the formative hand of Nature.'

In the account of Coblenz our author enters into a learned disquisition as to the place where Julius Cæsar crossed the Rhine, which he thinks was between Bonn and Engers. In the account of Cologne we have the following remarks on 'Old Paintings:—

'In our dear native land, something like an extravagant idolatry in art, a charlatanism, an egotism, and a prejudiced partiality, has been, hitherto, fanatically evinced for newly painted pictures of the above description, to which an unqualified preference has been given over the best Italian paintings: when both, however, are placed together, the impartial connoisseur will easily perceive the superiority in the totality of the impression produced by the latter, from the more skilful manner in which the drawings are executed, and the more natural manner in which the colours are blended. As young girls, though deficient both in bodily and mental development, may still be attractive and beautiful: in like manner these pictures appear attractive in separate parts, from the kind and powerful expression of pious love, humility, and simplicity, (not to mention silliness,) and the dazzling display of colours, which dispose us indulgently to over-look the stiff drapery of the mis-shapen figures, and their deficiencies considered as a whole. Would Italians even pretend to prefer Giovanni di Fiesole,* who was also a master in drawing and

* He was born in 1397, in Mugello, in the Florentine territories; and died at Rome in 1455, as Fra Giovanni of the Dominicans. His temporal name was Santi Tosini. The wonderful picture which is considered his master-piece, and which was formerly in the Dominican church at Fiesole, is now in Paris. A splendid work, in folio, on the subject was published by A. W. Schlegel. Giovanni di Fiesole painted also with water-colours, moistened by the white of eggs and the juice of herbs.

drapery
Raphael
would n
his time
the goo
lifeless
its plac
respect
painter
express
so far b
self; an
madver
tiquity.
ble in a
ill-judg
tions o
every c
be kept
'Giv
the hon
prepos
middle
be at a
have b
lian pic
cold la
under a
once b
even in
sence o
So that
more p
constit
mans, b

Am

'In
the Ge
The c
erected
Venus
Marien
was, o
its plac
Remai
Triers
present
Archb
close
year 1
should
dedica
Germa
unkno
share
half-ru
it were
exhibi
them v
the oth
it rece
in 143
signifi
lums
thirty
tion;
pletely
pressio
pleted
with it
said to
the mo

drapery, and a Mantegna, with his strength and fervency, to Raphael? There are German devotees of ancient art who would make Raphael the first drawer of forms, because, "since his time, so much of the clearness, strength, and devotion of the good old school of art, has been lost; while an affected lifeless mannerism, without technical perfection, has supplied its place." This opinion of a fortunate collector, and in other respects, estimable friend of art, cannot be applied to the great painters of Italy. The excessive partiality which led to the expression of nearly similar sentiments in the journal *Europa* so far back as 1803, is now disapproved of by the author himself; and Göthe has lately made it the subject of ironical animadversion in the second number of his *Views of Art and Antiquity*. These old Rhenish pictures will always be inestimable in an historical point of view, though nothing can be more ill-judged than to compare them with the masterly productions of a later period; and they ought to have a place in every considerable collection; in which, however, they should be kept separate, for the sake of heightening their effect.

'Give to every one his due. Let every age and art have the honour to which they are entitled. The partiality and prepossession in favour of these productions of the darling middle ages (very middling for the most part,) would soon be at an end in Italy, if several young German artists, who have been absurdly imitating old German, and still older Italian pictures, in a stiff and hard manner, even to the errors of cold landscapes without perspective, and who are labouring under a perversion of judgment in another respect also, could once be converted. Yet this perversion of taste is displayed even in Rome, beside Raphael and the antique, and in presence of the immortal models of Poussin and Claude Lorrain! So that we must go back to a less advanced period, to become more perfect in imperfection. Fanaticism and extravagance constitute, frequently, an epoch in the lives of many Germans, but it also soon leaves them.'

Among the remarkable objects, we find that—

'In ecclesiastical memorials and remarkable buildings, the German Rome, or Holy Cologne, is extremely abundant. The churches of S. Maria in Capitolio and ad Gradus were erected on two pagan hills. The latter, formerly a temple of Venus Paphia, was afterwards the church of S. Margen, or Mariengraden (also Mariengreden and Marien-Garten,) and was, on account of the dome, pulled down by the French: in its place there is now a column with the Prussian eagle on it. Remains of the aqueduct, which was continued as far as Triers, are here and there still visible. Charlemagne made a present of the Imperial palace on the Mariengradenberge to Archbishop Hildebold, his chancellor, who built a cathedral close beside it, which ceased to be serviceable about the year 1230, when it was determined that the present cathedral should gradually supply its place. This *summum templum*, dedicated to the Apostle Peter, an admirable specimen of old German architecture (of which the architect or architects are unknown, though Albertus Magnus is said to have had a great share in the work, has, in its present incomplete state and half-ruined appearance, more attractions for the fancy, than if it were entire. The two towers were, it is said, intended to exhibit a symbol of spiritual and temporal dominion. One of them was only raised twenty-one feet above the ground; and the other, which is 250 feet in height, was only half finished: it received the great and sonorous bell, which weighs 225 cwt. in 1437. The shape of this temple, which is that of a cross, is significant. It is supported by above one hundred large columns and pilasters in all, of which the four middle pillars, thirty feet in circumference, are highly deserving of admiration; but the boarded roof of the nave, which is not yet completely finished, destroys, on a nearer view, the sublime impression of the whole. The choir, however, which was completed in 1320, and the upper and principal part of the cross, with its Roman high altar of black marble, may almost be said to be a foretaste of heaven. It is nobly ornamented with the most masterly decorations of flowers, fruits, and foliage, of

which the ramifications extend to the pillars and the capitals, and are lost in the roof. We have here unity in the most wonderful variety. All the windows are adorned with the most beautiful paintings. All is love and devotion; all a heaven on earth! Even the attractive chiaro-'scuro of this holy place is well calculated to excite solemn and pious feelings. It was consecrated, in 1322, by Archbishop Henry II. von Virneburg, and the work of the nave was continued for at least eighty years afterwards. The breaking out of the Reformation interrupted the progress of the work, and prevented it from being completed. We every where find an ingenious application of the number seven, from the proverbs of Solomon, on the altar, on the columns and tabernacles, and in the measurements of the heights, and breadths, and lengths.'

The beautiful and romantic scenery on the banks of the Rhine afford fine opportunities for the pencil; and the highly-finished coloured engravings in this work prove that they have been in the hands of eminent artists. On the whole, we consider the *Tour along the Rhine*, a volume which ought to adorn the most favoured shelf of every good library.

The Percy Anecdotes. Part XIII. Fidelity.

THE 13th part of this elegant little work is well calculated to excite the sympathies, and to interest the best feelings of our nature. The subject is 'Fidelity,' and the numerous anecdotes which are related illustrative of that fine trait of the human character, are such as make us reconciled to the world, notwithstanding the frauds and treachery so frequently witnessed. From the great number of anecdotes which this volume contains, we select the following:—

'*Faithful Negress*.—On the occasion of the earthquake which made such ravages in the Island of St. Domingo, in the year 1770, a negress of Port-au-Prince found herself alone in the house of her master and mistress, with their youngest child, whom she nursed. The house shook to its foundation. Every one had taken flight; she alone could not escape, without leaving her infant charge in danger; she flew to the chamber, where it lay in the most profound sleep; at that moment the walls of the house fell in; anxious only for the safety of her foster child, she threw herself over it, and serving as a sort of arch, saved it from destruction. The child was indeed saved; but the unfortunate negress died soon after, the victim of her fidelity.'

'*Marchioness of Tavistock*.—A short time previous to the death of the late Marchioness of Tavistock, and when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford House; and one of the gentlemen present requested, while he felt her pulse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of gently forcing the fingers asunder; when he perceived that she had kept her hand closed to conceal the miniature picture of the marquess. "O, madam!" observed the physician, "my prescriptions must be useless if your ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes an object which, although deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." The marchioness replied, "I have kept the picture either in my bosom or my hand ever since the death of my lamented lord; and thus I am determined to preserve it till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

'*Companions in Slavery*.—Two sailors, the one a Spaniard and the other a Frenchman, were in slavery at Algiers; the first was called Antonio; his companion in bondage was named Roger. It so happened that they were employed at the same piece of labour. Friendship is the consolation of the unfortunate; and Antonio and Roger experienced all its sweets. They communicated to each other their sorrows and their regrets; they spoke together of their families, of their

countries, and of the joy which they would feel at being restored to liberty. Each seemed to feel as if his hardships were the less because his friend sympathized in them; it made them bear their chains with courage, and sustain with fortitude the fatigues to which they were condemned.

The work at which they laboured was the formation of a road over a high mountain. Antonio one day stopped, and resting on his spade, cast a longing look towards the sea. "My friend," said he to Roger, with a deep sigh, "all my wishes are at the end of that vast expanse. Why cannot I cross it with thee? I think every moment that I see my wife and children stretching out their arms to me from the shore of Cadiz, or shedding tears for my death." The unfortunate Spaniard was quite absorbed with this affecting fancy; and every time that he returned to the mountain, his eyes wandered in melancholy sadness over the immense space which separated him from his native land. One day he ran and embraced his comrade with transport. "A vessel! a vessel! my friend; see yonder! Now, Roger, our hardships may be at an end; let us escape together."—"But how?" inquired Roger: "The vessel," continued Antonio, "is but two leagues from the shore; from the top of these rocks we can precipitate ourselves into the sea, and swim to the vessel, or perish in the attempt. Death is preferable to so cruel a servitude as this."—"If you can save yourself," replied Roger, "I will support with more resignation my unhappy lot; you do not know, Antonio, how dear you are to me. The friendship which I feel for thee can only terminate with my life. I ask of thee only one favour. Seek out my father; if grief for my loss and old age have not already laid him in the tomb, tell him—"—"What, Roger!" said Antonio, interrupting him, tenderly, "do you imagine I can leave thee in irons? No, never! My days are thine; we shall both escape or perish together."—"But, Antonio, you know I cannot swim."—"You can take hold of my belt; your friendship will give me strength to sustain us both."—"It is in vain, in vain, Antonio, to think of it. I shall either lose my hold, or drag thee with me to the bottom. I can never consent thus to expose the life of my friend to peril; the very idea fills me with horror. Save thyself, Antonio, I conjure thee; there is not a moment to lose. Adieu, adieu; I embrace thee for the last time." At these words he fell into the arms of Antonio. "You weep, Roger, it is not tears that are wanting, but courage. Resist no longer. If you delay a moment we are lost; the opportunity may never occur again. Either consent to be led by me, or I will dash my head against these rocks." Antonio would hear no more, but hurried Roger involuntarily along with him to the edge of the precipice and leaped with him into the sea. Roger would even now have abandoned all hope of his own escape or preservation for the sake of his friend; and it was with the utmost difficulty Antonio could prevail on him to hold by his belt. The Spaniard felt all the force of that sentiment of disinterestedness which actuated his friend, and fearful lest he should give way to it, and quit his hold, he kept his eyes constantly fixed on him, while with a strong arm he pushed towards the vessel. No mother could have watched with a more anxious eye the steps of a child in danger, than Antonio did every motion of his friend.

The persons on board the ship had observed the bold action of the two friends, and while occupied in conjectures as to the cause of it, a new object attracted their attention. They perceived a shallop hastily quitting the shore. It contained some of the soldiers who were placed as guard over the slaves, and who were now striving to overtake the fugitives. Roger first discerned the boat in pursuit, and perceiving the strength of Antonio beginning to fail, he called to him, "My dearest Antonio, we are pursued; I only retard your course; save thyself and leave me to perish; farewell." With these words he detached himself from Antonio's belt, and instantly sunk to the bottom.

A new transport of friendship animated the noble Spaniard;

he plunged after his friend, and for a few minutes neither were to be seen.

The shallop, uncertain which course to steer, stopped, and in the meantime a boat was dispatched from the ship to reconnoitre. Antonio was soon perceived emerging with Roger firmly clasped under one arm, and with the other, endeavouring to make the best of his way to the boat. The sailors in the latter, touched with a generous compassion, rowed with all their might towards them, and got up just in time to save them. The strength of Antonio was exhausted; he was only able to breathe out, "Help, help my friend;" and then fell over as if life had for ever left him. Roger, who was in a senseless state when taken into the boat, on opening his eyes, and seeing Antonio extended by his side, with all the horrors of death imprinted on his countenance, was thrown into a paroxysm of grief. He clasped the apparently lifeless body in his arms; he bathed it with his tears; he uttered the most mournful ejaculations. "My friend, my preserver; it is I who am thy assassin. My dear Antonio, you hear me no more; such is thy recompense for saving the life of your friend. Ah! why do I stay behind thee? What is life to me now that I have lost thee?" With these words, he suddenly rose, and would have leaped again into the sea, had not the sailors withheld him. "Why," exclaimed Roger, bitterly; "why do you prevent me dying?" Then throwing himself again on the pale body of Antonio, "Yes," he added, "yes, my Antonio, I will follow thee. Pity; oh! have pity. In the name of God allow me to die."

Heaven, who is doubtless touched with the tears of men when they are sincere, seemed to give a signal mark of its goodness in favour of so bright an example. Antonio at length heaved a deep sigh. Roger uttered a loud cry of joy. "He lives! he lives!" The sailors assisted him in his tender assiduities to revive the vital spark in his friend; and in a few minutes he had the inexpressible delight of catching the first awakening glance of Antonio, and of hearing these his first words: "Ah, Roger! thank God I have saved you!"

The boat reached the vessel. The affecting tale of the two captives gained them the hearts of all on board. It was bound for Malaga, and there it shortly after landed them, full of gratitude to their preservers, knit, if possible, still closer than ever in the bonds of friendship, and only sorrowing, because in different countries they had to go in search of their kindred and their homes.

"*Est il Possible?*"—Prince George of Denmark had been accustomed upon every fresh instance of desertion from James II. to exclaim, *Est il possible!* When the forsaken monarch at length missed Prince George himself, he said to one of his attendants, "So *Est il possible* is gone too!" King James says, in his memoirs of himself, "that he was more troubled with the unnaturalness of the action, than the want of his service; for that the loss of a good trooper had been of greater consequence."

Hapless Union.—A young lady having met with opposition from her friends in an attachment which she had conceived for Captain Charles Ross, she followed him in men's clothes to America, during the revolutionary war; and after such a search and fatigue as scarcely any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods lying for dead, with a poisoned wound received in a skirmish with the Indians. Having acquired some knowledge of surgery, she saved his life by sucking his wound, and nursing him for the space of six weeks; during which time she remained unknown to him, having dyed her skin with lime and bark. The captain recovering, they removed into Philadelphia; where, as soon as she had found a clergyman to unite them for ever, she appeared as herself, and the priest accompanying her, she was immediately married to the man for whom she had made such sacrifices, and whose life she had preserved. They lived for four years in a fondness that could only be interrupted by her declining health; the fatigue she had undergone, and the poison not being properly expelled which she had imbibed from the wound, undermining her constitution.

The knowledge of this circumstance, and the piercing regret of having been the occasion, affected Captain Ross so much, that he died of a broken heart at John's Town, in America. His faithful partner lived to return to England; but she died in consequence of her grief and affection, in the following year, at the age of 26 years.'

This part is embellished with an elegantly engraved portrait of the Marquess of Hastings, to whom it is inscribed.

Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia, &c. By G. Belzoni.

(Continued from our last, p. 788.)

M. BELZONI set out on his second journey on the 20th of February, 1817, and was accompanied by Mr. Beechey. On their arrival at Meimoud, they witnessed an Arabic feast in the village:—

'The performers consisted of about thirty men, all in a row, clapping their hands in concert, so as to form a kind of accompaniment to their song, which consisted of three or four words; and with one foot before the other, keeping a sort of perpetual motion, but without changing their positions. Before the men, were two women with daggers in their hands, also in continual action, running toward the men and then returning from them with an extraordinary motion, brandishing their daggers, and waving their garments. In this they persevered for such a length of time, that I wondered how they could support the exertion. This is a sort of Bedoween dance, and is the most decent of all that I ever saw in Egypt; but no sooner was it ended, than, in order I suppose to please us, they immediately began another, in the fashion of the country, which fully compensated for the extraordinary modesty of the first; but we returned to our boat more disgusted than pleased with it.'

At Gournou is a track of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libian mountains, on the west of Thebes, which was the burial place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art in the form of large and small chambers, each of which has a separate entrance. M. Belzoni, who was not to be deterred from his pursuits, either by the living or the dead, penetrated several of these chambers. In describing the difficulty which he had to encounter, he says,—

'In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me

on; however, I could not avoid being covered with bone legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri; of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy.'

Under one of the lion-headed sphinxes at Carnak, our author found an iron sickle, rather thicker than the sickles of the present time, but exactly of the common shape and size of ours. He thinks this sufficient proof that there was iron in the country long before the invasion of the Persians, since the Egyptians had enough to make implements of agriculture with it. M. Belzoni contradicts Herodotus, who, speaking of the mummies in their cases, mentions them as erect; whereas, of all the pits that he opened, he never found a single mummy standing; on the contrary, they were all lying regularly in horizontal rows. The mummies of animals were often found in the tombs intermixed with human bodies. Speaking of the mummies, our author says,—

'In the same pit where I found mummies in cases, I found others without; and in these, papyri are most likely to be met with. I remarked, that the mummies in the cases have no papyri; at least, I never observed any; on the contrary, in those without cases, they are often obtained. It appears to me, that such people as could afford it would have a case to be buried in, on which the history of their lives were painted; and those who could not afford a case, were contented to have their lives written on papyri, rolled up, and placed above their knees. Even in the appearance of the cases there is a great difference; some are exceedingly plain, others more ornamented, and some very richly adorned with figures, well painted. The cases are generally made of Egyptian sycamore; apparently, this was the most plentiful wood in the country, as it is usually employed for the different utensils. All the cases have a human face, male or female. Some of the large cases contain others within them, either of wood or of plaster, painted. The inner cases are sometimes fitted to the body of the mummy; others are only covers to the body, in form of a man or woman, easily distinguishable by the beard and the breast, like that on the outside. Some of the mummies have garlands of flowers, and leaves of the acacia, or sunt tree, over their heads and breasts. This tree is often seen on the banks of the Nile, above Thebes, and particularly in Nubia. The flower, when fresh, is yellow, and of a very hard substance, appearing as if artificial. The leaves, also, are very strong, and though dried and turned brown, they still retain their firmness. In the inside of these mummies are found lumps of asphaltum, sometimes so large as to weigh two pounds. The entrails of these mummies are often found bound up in linen and asphaltum. What does not incorporate with the fleshy part, remains of the natural colour of the pitch; but that which does incorporate becomes brown, and evidently mixed with the grease of the body, forming a mass, which on pressure crumbles into dust. The wooden case is first covered with a layer or two of cement, not unlike plaster of Paris; and on this are sometimes cast figures in basso relievo, for which they make niches cut in stone. The whole case is painted; the ground generally yellow, the figures and hieroglyphics blue, green, red, and black. The last is very seldom used. The whole of the painting is covered with a varnish, which preserves it very effectually. Some of the colours, in my humble opinion, were vegetable, for they are evidently transparent; besides, I conceive it was easier for the Egyptians to produce vegetable colours than mineral, from the great difficulty of grinding the latter to such perfection.

'The next sort of mummy that drew my attention, I believe I may with reason conclude to have been appropriated to the

priests. They are folded in a manner totally different from the others, and so carefully executed, as to show the great respect paid to those personages. The bandages are stripes of red and white linen intermixed, covering the whole body, and forming a curious effect from the two colours. The arms and legs are not enclosed in the same envelope with the body, as in the common mode, but are bandaged separately, even the fingers and toes being preserved distinct. They have sandals of painted leather on their feet; and bracelets on their arms and wrists. They are always found with the arms across the breast, but not pressing it; and though the body is bound with such a quantity of linen, the shape of the person is carefully preserved in every limb. The cases in which mummies of this sort are found, are somewhat better executed, and I have seen one, that had the eyes and eyebrows of enamel, beautifully executed in imitation of nature. Among the various tombs, I discovered one of this description in the valley adjacent to Beban el Malbok, on the west of it, of which I shall have to speak hereafter.

'I found eight mummies, all untouched since they had been deposited in their resting-place. The cases lay flat on the ground, facing the east, in two equal rows, imbedded four inches deep in mortar, which must have been soft when they were put into it; for when I had them removed, the impression of them remained perfect.'

Of the arts of the Egyptians, we have the following notice:—

'The Egyptians were certainly well acquainted with linen manufactures, to a perfection equal to our own; for, in many of their figures, we observe their garments quite transparent; and among the folding of the mummies, I observed some cloth quite as fine as our common muslin, very strong, and of an even texture. They had the art of tanning leather, with which they made shoes as well as we do, some of which I found of various shapes. They had also the art of staining the leather with various colours, as we do morocco, and actually knew the mode of embossing on it, for I found leather with figures impressed on it, quite elevated. I think it must have been done with a hot iron while the leather was damp. They also fabricated a sort of coarse glass, with which they made beads and other ornaments.

'Beside enamelling, the art of gilding was in great perfection among them, as I found several ornaments of the kind. They knew how to cast copper as well as to form it into sheets, and had a metallic composition not unlike our lead, rather softer, but of greater tenacity. It is much like the lead which we see on paper in the tea-chests from China, but much thicker. I found some pieces of it covered on both sides with a thin coat of another metal, which might be taken for silver, but I cannot believe it to be so. It certainly is a proof of the scarcity of this metal in Egypt, where, in my opinion, it was less common than gold; for it is seldom found, whereas the latter is quite common on the ornaments.

'Carved works were very common, and in great perfection, particularly in the proportion of the figures; and it is to be observed, that though the Egyptians were unacquainted with anatomy, yet in these, as well as in their statues of marble, they preserved that sweet simplicity peculiar to themselves, which is always pleasing to the beholder.

'In one of the tombs of the kings I found two wooden figures, nearly seven feet high, of very fine workmanship. They are in a standing posture, with one arm extended, as if holding a torch.'

In painting, the Egyptians had no knowledge of shadowing, to elevate their figures. Their drawings and sculpture were simple, but systematically done; but in architecture they excelled, and M. Belzoni argues with much probability, that the Greeks not only took the Doric and Corinthian, but also the Ionic order from them. In prosecuting his researches, M. Belzoni sometimes passed a night among the tombs. He says,—

'When I did not choose to pass the river in the night to our habitation at the Temple of Luxor, I took up my lodging in the entrance of some of the tombs, along with those troglodytes. Nothing could be more amusing to me. Their dwelling is generally in the passages between the first and second entrance into a tomb. The walls and the roof are as black as any chimney. The inner door is closed up with mud, except a small aperture, sufficient for a man to crawl through. Within this place the sheep are kept at night, and occasionally accompany their masters in their vocal concert. Over the doorway there are always some half-broken Egyptian figures, and the two foxes, the usual guardians of burial-places. A small lamp, kept alive by fat from the sheep or rancid oil, is placed in a niche in the wall, and a mat is spread on the ground; and this formed the grand divan, wherever I was. There the people assembled round me, their conversation turning wholly on antiquities. Such a one had found such a thing, and another had discovered a tomb. Various articles were brought to sell to me, and sometimes I had reason to rejoice at having staid there. I was sure of a supper of milk and bread, served in a wooden bowl; but whenever they supposed I should stay all night, they always killed a couple of fowls for me, which were baked in a small oven heated with pieces of mummy cases, and sometimes with the bones and rags of the mummies themselves. It is no uncommon thing to sit down near fragments of bones; hands, feet, or skulls, are often in the way; for these people are so accustomed to be among the mummies, that they think no more of sitting on them, than on the skins of their dead calves. I also became indifferent about them at last, and would have slept in a mummy pit as readily as out of it.'

Of some of the natural phenomena peculiar to Egypt, our author gives the following account:—

'A strong wind that arose this day leads me to mention some particulars of the phenomena that often happen in Egypt. The first I shall notice is the whirlwinds, which occur all the year round, but especially at the time of the camseen wind, which begins in April, and lasts fifty days. Hence the name of camseen, which in Arabic signifies fifty. It generally blows from the south-west, and lasts four, five, or six days without varying, so very strong, that it raises the sands to a great height, forming a general cloud, so thick that it is impossible to keep the eyes open, if not under cover. It is troublesome even to the Arabs; it forces the sand into the houses through every cranny, and fills every thing with it. The caravans cannot proceed in the deserts; the boats cannot continue their voyages, and travellers are obliged to eat sand in spite of their teeth. The whole is like a chaos. Often a quantity of sand and small stones gradually ascends to a great height, and forms a column sixty or seventy feet in diameter, and so thick, that were it steady on one spot, it would appear a solid mass. This not only revolves within its own circumference, but runs in a circular direction over a great space of ground, sometimes maintaining itself in motion for half an hour, and wherever it falls it accumulates a small hill of sand. God help the poor traveller who is caught under it!

'The next phenomenon is the mirage, often described by travellers, who assert having been deceived by it, as at a distance it appears to them like water. This is certainly the fact, and I must confess, that I have been deceived myself, even after I was aware of it. The perfect resemblance to water, and the strong desire for this element, made me conclude, in spite of all my caution not to be deceived, that it was really water I saw. It generally appears like a still lake, so unmoved by the wind, that every thing above is to be seen most distinctly reflected by it, which is the principal cause of the deception. If the wind agitate any of the plants that rise above the horizon of the mirage, the motion is seen perfectly, at a great distance. If the traveller stand elevated much above the mirage, the apparent water seems less united and less deep, for, as the eyes look down upon it, there is not

thickness enough in the vapour on the surface of the ground to conceal the earth from the sight; but if the traveller be on a level with the horizon of the mirage, he cannot see through it, so that it appears to him clear water. By putting my head first to the ground, and then mounting a camel, the height of which from the ground might have been about ten feet at the most, I found a great difference in the appearance of the mirage. On approaching it, it becomes thinner, and appears as if agitated by the wind, like a field of ripe corn. It gradually vanishes as the traveller approaches, and at last entirely disappears when he is on the spot.'

Our concluding extract, for the present, shall be an account of the Temple of Ybsambul, the finest and most extensive excavation in Nubia, which our traveller penetrated, after repeated obstructions and difficulties:—

'From what we could perceive at the first view, it was evidently a very large place; but our astonishment increased, when we found it to be one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with beautiful intaglios, painting, colossal figures, &c. We entered at first into a large pronaos, 57 feet long and 52 wide, supported by two rows of square pillars, in a line from the front door to the door of the sekos. Each pillar has a figure, not unlike those at Medinet Aboo, finely executed, and very little injured by time. The tops of their turbans reach the ceiling, which is about 30 feet high; the pillars are five feet and a-half square. Both these and the walls are covered with beautiful hieroglyphics, the style of which is somewhat superior, or at least bolder, than that of any others in Egypt, not only in the workmanship, but also in the subjects. They exhibit battles, storming of castles, triumphs over the Ethiopians, sacrifices, &c. In some places is to be seen the same hero as at Medinet Aboo, but in a different posture. Some of the columns are much injured by the close and heated atmosphere, the temperature of which was so hot, that the thermometer must have risen to above 130 degrees. The second hall is about 22 feet high, 37 wide, and 25½ long. It contains four pillars, about four feet square; and the walls of this also are covered with fine hieroglyphics in pretty good preservation. Beyond this is a shorter chamber, 37 feet wide, in which is the entrance into the sanctuary. At each end of this chamber is a door, leading into smaller chambers in the same direction with the sanctuary, each eight feet by seven. The sanctuary is 23½ feet long, and 12 feet wide. It contains a pedestal in the centre, and at the end four colossal sitting figures, the heads of which are in good preservation, not having been injured by violence. On the right side of this great hall, entering into the temple, are two doors, at a short distance from each other, which lead into two long separate rooms, the first 38 feet 10 inches in length, and 11 feet five inches wide; the other 48 feet seven inches, by 13 feet three. At the end of the first are several unfinished hieroglyphics, of which some, though merely sketched, give fine ideas of their manner of drawing. At the lateral corners of the entrance into the second chamber from the great hall, is a door, each of which leads into a small chamber, 22 feet six inches long, and 10 feet wide. Each of these rooms has two doors, leading into two other chambers, 43 feet in length, and 10 feet 11 inches wide. There are two benches in them, apparently to sit on. The most remarkable subjects in this temple are, 1st, a group of captive Ethiopians, in the western corner of the great hall; 2nd, the hero killing a man with his spear, another lying slain under his feet, on the same western wall; 3d, the storming of a castle, in the western corner from the front door. The outside of this temple is magnificent. It is 117 feet wide, and 86 feet high; the height from the top of the cornice to the top of the door, being 66 feet six inches, and the height of the door twenty feet. There are four enormous sitting colossi, the largest in Egypt or Nubia, except the great sphinx at the pyramids, to which they approach in the proportion of near two-thirds. From the shoulder to the elbow

they measure 15 feet six inches; the ears, three feet six inches; the face, seven feet; the beard, five feet six inches; across the shoulders, 25 feet four inches; their height is about 51 feet, not including the caps, which are about 14 feet. There are only two of these colossi in sight, one is still buried under the sand, and the other, which is near the door, is half fallen down, and buried also. On the top of the door is a colossal figure of Osiris, 20 feet high, with two colossal hieroglyphic figures, one on each side, looking towards it. On the top of the temple is a cornice with hieroglyphics, a torus and a frieze under it. The cornice is six feet wide, the frieze is four feet. Above the cornice is a row of sitting monkeys, eight feet high, and six across the shoulders. They are 21 in number. This temple was nearly two-thirds buried under the sand, of which we removed 31 feet before we came to the upper part of the door. It must have had a very fine landing-place, which is now totally buried under the sand. It is the last and largest temple excavated in the solid rock in Nubia or Egypt, except the new tomb. It took 22 days to open it, beside six days last year. We sometimes had 80 men at work, and sometimes only our own personal exertions, the party consisting of Mr. Beechey, Captains Irby and Mangles, myself, two servants, and the crew, eleven in all, and three boys. It is situated under a rock, about 100 feet above the Nile, facing the south-east by east, and about one day and a half's journey from the second cataract in Nubia, or Wady Halfa.

'The heat was so great in the interior of the temple, that it scarcely permitted us to take any drawings, as the perspiration from our hands soon rendered the paper quite wet. Accordingly, we left this operation to succeeding travellers, who may set about it with more convenience than we could, as the place will become cooler. Our stock of provision was so reduced, that the only food we had for the last six days was dhourra, boiled in water without salt, of which we had none left. The cacheffs had given orders to the people not to sell us any kind of food whatever, hoping that we might be driven away by hunger. But there was an Abady, who lived in the village, and as he was of a different tribe, he was not so much afraid of disobeying the cacheffs. He sometimes came at night, and brought us milk; but he was at last detected, and prevented from bringing any more.

'Great credit is due to Mr. Beechey and the two captains, for their labourious exertions in assisting me in the above operation. I must not omit to mention, that, in the temple, we found two lions with hawks' heads, the body as large as life; a small sitting figure, and some copper work belonging to the doors.'

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH POLAR PASSAGE.

(Continued from p. 778.)

WHEN the British government determined, in 1773, on sending out an expedition to ascertain how far navigation was practicable towards the North Pole, Captain Phipps offered himself, and was entrusted with the command. The Racehorse and Carcass bombs were fixed upon as the strongest, and, therefore, the proper vessels for the purpose. The complement for the Racehorse was fixed at ninety men, with an additional number of officers, whom Captain Phipps was allowed to recommend. Two masters of Greenlandmen were employed as pilots for each ship. Mr. Cole's new chain-pumps, Dr. Irving's apparatus for distilling sea-water, an additional quantity of wine and spirits, and clothing was provided. In short, every thing which could tend to promote the success of the undertaking, or contribute to the security, health, and convenience of the ships' crews, was granted. The Carcass bomb, commanded by Captain Lutwidge, was equipped, in all respects, the same as the Racehorse.

On the 27th of May, the vessels anchored in the Nore and, on the 4th of July, they reached latitude $79^{\circ} 31'$, and confirmed the position of Magdalena Hook, as observed by Fotherby, in 1614: and the time of highwater as stated by Baffin. On the following day they steered towards Hakluyt's Headland, and saw ice for the first time.

'On the 7th of July,' says Captain Phipps in his Journal, 'at half past four, the ice setting very close, we ran between two pieces, and, having little wind, were stopped. The Carcass being very near, and not answering her helm well, was almost on board of us. After getting clear of her, we ran to the eastward. Finding the pieces increase in number and size, and having got to a part less crowded with the drift ice, I brought to, at six in the evening, to see whether we could discover the least appearance of an opening: but, it being my own opinion, as well as that of the pilots and officers, that we could go no farther, nor even remain there without danger of being beset, I sent the boat on board the Carcass for her pilots, to hear their opinion; they both declared that it appeared to them impracticable to proceed that way, and that it was probable we should soon be beset where we were, and detained there. The ice set so fast down, that before they got on board the Carcass, we were fast. Captain Lutwidge hoisted our boat up to prevent her being stove. We were obliged to heave the ship through for two hours, with ice anchors, from each quarter; nor were we quite out of the ice till midnight. This is about the place where most of the old discoveries were stopped. The people in both ships being much fatigued, and the Carcass not able to keep up with us, without carrying studding-sails, I shortened sail as soon as we were quite out, and left orders to stand to the northward under an easy sail. From this day to the 20th, they were tossed about amid the ice, and Captain Lutwidge touched at Moffen's Island.

'July 30th. Little winds, and calm all day; we got something to the northward and eastward. At noon we were by observation in latitude $80^{\circ} 31'$ min. At three in the afternoon, we were in longitude $18^{\circ} 48'$ min. E. being amongst the islands, and in the ice, with no appearance of an opening for the ship. Between eleven and twelve at night I sent the master, Mr. Crane, in the four-oared boat, amongst the ice, to try whether he could get the boat through, and find any opening for the ship which might give us a prospect of getting farther; with directions, if he could reach the shore, to go up one of the mountains, in order to discover the state of the ice to the eastward and northward. At five in the morning, the ice being all round us, we got out our ice-anchors, and moored along-side a field. The master returned between seven and eight, and with him Captain Lutwidge, who had joined him on shore. They had ascended an high mountain, from whence they commanded a prospect extending to the east and north-east ten or twelve leagues, over one continued plain of smooth unbroken ice, bounded only by the horizon: they also saw land stretching to the S. E., laid down in the Dutch charts as islands. The main body of ice, which we had traced from west to east, they now perceived to join to these islands, and from them to what is called the north-east land. In returning, the ice having closed much since they went, they were frequently forced to haul the boat over it to other openings. The weather exceedingly fine and mild, and unusually clear. The scene was beautiful and picturesque; the two ships becalmed in a large bay, with three apparent openings be-

tween the islands which formed it, but every where surrounded with ice, as far as we could see, with some streams of water; not a breath of air; the water perfectly smooth; the ice covered with snow, low and even, except a few broken pieces near the edges: the pools of water in the middle of the pieces were frozen over with young ice.

'July 31st. At nine in the morning, having a light breeze to the eastward, we cast off, and endeavoured to force through the ice. At noon the ice was so close, that being unable to proceed, we moored again to a field. In the afternoon we filled our cask with fresh water from the ice, which we found very pure and soft. The Carcass moved, and made fast to the same field with us. The ice measured eight yards ten inches in thickness at one end, and seven yards eleven inches at the other. The ships company were playing on the ice all day. The pilots, being much further than they had ever been, and the season advancing, seemed alarmed at being beset.

'August 1st. The ice pressed in fast; there was not now the smallest opening; the two ships were within less than two lengths of each other, separated by ice, and neither having room to turn. The ice, which had been all flat the day before, and almost level with the water's edge, was now in many places forced higher than the main-yard, by the pieces squeezing together. Our latitude this day at noon, by the double altitude, was $80^{\circ} 37'$ min.

'2d. There was not the smallest appearance of open water, except a little towards the west point of the north-east land. The seven islands and north-east land, with the frozen sea, formed almost a bason, leaving but about four points opening for the ice to drift out, in case of a change of wind.

'3d. The weather very fine, clear, and calm: we perceived that the ships had been driven far to the eastward; the ice was much closer than before, and the passage by which we had come in from the westward closed up, no open water being in sight, either in that or any other quarter. The pilots having expressed a wish to get if possible farther out, the ships' companies were set to work at five in the morning, to cut a passage through the ice, and warp through the small openings to the westward. We found the ice very deep, having sawed sometimes through pieces twelve feet thick. This labour was continued the whole day, but without any success; our utmost efforts not having moved the ships above three hundred yards to the westward through the ice, at the same time that they had been driven (together with the ice itself, to which they were fast) far to the N. E. and eastward, by the current; which had also forced the loose ice from the westward, between the islands, where it became packed, and as firm as the main body.

'6th. Mr. Walden and the pilots, who were sent the day before to examine the state of the ice from the island, returned this morning with an account, that the ice, though close all about us, was open to the westward, round the point by which we came in. They also told me, that when upon the island they had the wind very fresh to the eastward, though where the ships lay it had been almost calm all day. This circumstance considerably lessened the hopes we had hitherto entertained of the immediate effect of an easterly wind in clearing the bay. We had but one alternative; either patiently to wait the event of the weather upon the ships, in hopes of getting them out, or to betake ourselves to the boats. The ships had driven into shoal water, having but fourteen fathom. Should

they, or the ice to which they were fast, take the ground. they must be inevitably lost, and probably overset. The hopes of getting the ships out was not hastily to be relinquished, nor obstinately adhered to, till all other means of retreat were cut off. Having no harbour to lodge them in, it would be impossible to winter them here, with any probability of their being again serviceable; our provisions would be very short for such an undertaking, were it otherwise feasible. On the other hand, the undertaking to move so large a body for so considerable a distance by boats was not without very serious difficulties. Should we remain much longer here, the bad weather must be expected to set in. I thought it proper to send for the officers of both ships, and informed them of my intention of preparing the boats for going away. I immediately hoisted out the boats, and took every precaution in my power to make them secure and comfortable; the fitting would necessarily take up some days.

‘9th. A thick fog in the morning: we moved the ship a little through some very small openings. In the afternoon, upon its clearing up, we were agreeably surprised to find the ships had driven much more than we could have expected to the westward. We worked hard all day and got them something more to the westward through the ice: but nothing in comparison to what the ice itself had drifted. We got past the launches; I sent a number of men for them, and got them on board. Between three and four in the morning the wind was westerly, and it snowed fast. The people having been much fatigued, we were obliged to desist from working for a few hours. The progress which the ships had made through the ice was, however, a very favourable event: the drift of the ice was an advantage that might be as suddenly lost, as it had been unexpectedly gained, by a change in the current: we had experienced the inefficacy of an easterly wind when far in the bay, and under the high land; but, having now got through so much of the ice, we began to conceive hopes that a brisk gale from that quarter would soon effectually clear us.

‘10th. The wind springing up to the N. N. E. in the morning, we set all the sail we could upon the ship, and forced her through a great deal of very heavy ice: she struck often very hard, and with one stroke broke the shank of the best bower-anchor. About noon we had got her through all the ice, and out to sea. I stood to the N. W. to make the ice, and found the main body just where we left it. At three in the morning, with a good breeze easterly, we were standing to the westward, between the land and ice, both in sight; the weather hazy.

‘11th. Came to an anchor in the harbour of Smeerenberg, to refresh the people after their fatigues. In this sound there is good anchorage in thirteen fathom, sandy bottom, not far from the shore: it is well sheltered from all winds. The island close to which we lay is called Amsterdam Island, the westernmost part of which is Hacluyt’s Head Land: here the Dutch used formerly to boil their whale-oil, and the remains of some conveniences erected by them for that purpose are still visible. Once they attempted to make an establishment, and left some people to winter here, who all perished. The Dutch ships still resort to this place for the latter season of the whale-fishery.

‘12th. Got the instruments on shore, and the tent pitched; but could not make any observations this day or the next, from the badness of the weather.

‘Opposite to the place where the instruments stood, was one of the most remarkable icebergs in this country, about three hundred feet high, with a cascade of water issuing out of it. The black mountains, white snow, and beautiful colour of the ice, make a very romantic and uncommon picture. Large pieces frequently break off from the icebergs, and fall with great noise into the water: we observed one piece which had floated out into the bay, and grounded in twenty-four fathom; it was fifty feet high above the surface of the water, and of the same beautiful colour as the iceberg. I shall here mention such general observations as my short stay enabled me to make. The stone we found was chiefly a kind of marble, which dissolved easily in the marine acid. We perceived no marks of minerals of any kind, nor the least appearance of present, or remains of former volcanoes. Neither did we meet with insects, or any species of reptiles; nor even the common earthworm. We saw no springs or rivers; the water, which we found in great plenty, being all produced by the melting of the snow from the mountains. During the whole time we were in these latitudes, there was no thunder or lightning. I must also add, that I never found what is mentioned by Marten (who is generally accurate in his observations, and faithful in his accounts) of the sun at midnight resembling, in appearance, the moon; I saw no difference in clear weather between the sun at midnight and any other time, but what arose from a different degree of altitude; the brightness of the light appearing there, as well as elsewhere, to depend upon the obliquity of his rays. The sky was, in general, loaded with hard white clouds; so that I do not remember to have ever seen the sun and the horizon both free from them, even in the clearest weather. We could always perceive when we were approaching the ice, long before we saw it, by a bright appearance near the horizon, which the pilots called the ‘blink of the ice.’ Hudson remarked, that the sea where he met with ice was blue: but the green sea was free from it. I was particularly attentive to observe this difference, but could never discern it.

‘The driftwood in these seas has given rise to various opinions and conjectures, both as to its nature and the place of its growth. All that which we saw (except the pipe staves taken notice of by Dr. Irving on the Low Island) was fir, and not worm-eaten. The place of its growth I had no opportunity of ascertaining.

‘The nature of the ice was a principal object of attention in this climate. We found always a great swell near the edge of it; but, whenever we got within the loose ice, the water was constantly smooth. The loose fields and flaws, as well as the interior part of the fixed ice, were flat and low; with the wind blowing on the ice, the loose parts were always, to use the phrase of the Greenland-men, “packed;” the ice at the edges appearing rough, and piled up; this roughness and height I imagine to proceed from the smaller pieces being thrown up by the force of the sea on the solid part. During the time that we were fast amongst the Seven Islands, we had frequent opportunities of observing the irresistible force of the large bodies of floating ice. We have often seen a piece of several acres square lifted up between two much larger pieces, and, as it were, becoming one with them; and afterwards this piece, so formed, acting in the same manner upon a second and third; which would probably have continued to be the effect, till the whole bay had been so filled with ice that the different pieces could have no motion, had

not the stream taken an unexpected turn, and set the ice out of the bay.

'20th. At midnight, being exactly in the latitude of Cloven Cliff, Mr. Harvey took an observation for the refraction; which we found to agree with the tables. The wind southerly all day, blowing fresh in the afternoon. About noon fell in with a stream of loose ice, and about four, made the main ice near us. We stood to the W. N. W. along it at night, and found it in the same situation as when we saw it before; the wind freshened and the weather grew thick, so that we lost sight of it, and could not venture to stand nearer, the wind being S. S. W.

'21st. At two in the morning we were close in with the body of the west ice, and obliged to tack for it; blowing fresh, with a very heavy sea from the southward. The wind abated in the afternoon, but the swell continued with a thick fog.

'22d. The wind sprung up northerly, with a thick fog; about noon, moderate and clearer: but, coming on to blow fresh again in the evening, with a great sea and thick fog, I was forced to haul more to the eastward, lest we should be imbayed, or run upon lee ice.

'The season was so very far advanced, and fogs as well as gales of wind so much to be expected, that nothing more could now have been done, had any thing been left untried. The summer appears to have been uncommonly favourable for our purpose, and afforded us the fullest opportunity of ascertaining, repeatedly, the situation of that wall of ice, extending for more than twenty degrees between the latitudes of eighty and eighty-one, without the smallest appearance of any opening.'

Thus terminated the voyage of Captain Phipps, the result of which led to the adoption of a very general opinion in England that $80\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ was the northern boundary of the navigable ocean; which, however, is not one degree beyond the most common station of the Greenland fisheries. The Hon. Daines Barrington, through whose suggestions the voyage had been undertaken, felt mortified at the result, and produced his work; 'The possibility of approaching the North Pole asserted'—in which he enumerated the instances of navigators reaching high northern latitudes, a recapitulation of which we have already given in our former article on this subject.

The voyage of Captain Ross is the only one which now remains for us to notice, and when we have given an account of that, we trust, we shall have prepared our readers for the forth-coming work of Captain Parry on this interesting subject.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Sonnets, Amatory, Incidental, and Descriptive; with other Poems. By Cornelius Webb. 12mo. pp. 24. London, 1820.

ALTHOUGH we are not very partial to sonnets, yet we confess we have been pleased with those of Mr. Webb, in which an ardent love of nature, a strong moral feeling, and a good deal of fine imagination are displayed in harmonious verse. There are, in the whole, thirty-one sonnets, arranged in a connected form, so that they might almost be read as one poem. We select three as specimens of the author's talents, of which we think very favourably.

'THE JOURNEY.

'That love, when journeying to delight, should tire!
That beauty, too, (both of celestial birth,)
Should faint and pine for wants that are of earth,
And which the body only doth require!
That souls which soar to heaven, and would wing higher,
Should be thus impeded, in their divinest mirth,
By things to minds immortal nothing-worth,
And which clean spirits loathe as an alloying mire!—
These muttered thoughts, that baffled bliss did frame
My bosom'd love half heard—and took for chiding
That which frail nature, and not her, did blame;
And now as light she sped, as a sylph, riding
The many-winded air, until we came
To that green nook, the bower of our abiding!'

'THE ARBOUR.

'Here, in this bower, greenest of summer nooks,
The wild bee's mew, the violet's hiding-place,
List'ning the bickrings of two brawling brooks,
We sat, and watched them wrangle and embrace;
Till tired of this, one of her choicest books
I drew from forth its hold, which she 'gan trace;
But I could nothing read, save her fair face—
Its eyes, its smiles, and fond tale-telling looks—
Oh, comment sweet, the poet's text excelling!
I heard her voice, but naught of what she said;
And all she spake in love, and all she read,
Wrapt in the music of her lips, came swelling
Faintly but full, and sounded to my ears
Like an angel's voice, singing above the spheres.'

'LOVE OF NATURE.

'I sigh not for rich Peru's buried ore,
Nor any part she has abundantly
Disgorge; nor power, nor state, nor pageantry;
Nor prize the wealth that heaps up commerce' shore,
Nor that which rides her waves; nor the large store
Which Neptune has obtained too frequently
From the sunk travellers of the perilous sea;
Nor aught of that which makes rich misers poor.
Give all these life-bought nothings unto them
Of whom they are ador'd; let them have gold
And silver in huge masses, and the gem
That would out-price the richest diadem—
So I but hear sweet nature's voice, behold
Her face, and touch her humblest green robe's hem.'

The Instructress,

No. VIII.

MATILDA:—A FRAGMENT, WITH REMARKS ON WOMAN.

'Sole partner and sole part of man.'—MILTON.

—HE said, 'wit, in that fair lady, was a diamond set to the best advantage:' and continuing to speak of her; 'she has,' added he, 'such a mixture of what is reasonable and agreeable as possesses the eyes and hearts of all who converse with her, in a passion which I know not whether to call love or admiration: she is equally qualified to make a perfect friend, or to oblige you to proceed beyond friendship—too young and beautiful not to please, but too modest to affect it; she considers men only for their merit, and reckons them only friends; full of vivacity and sense, she surprises and engages, and though she knows perfectly the niceties and delicacies of conversation, sometimes makes such happy sallies, as, among other pleasures which they give, dispense with all reply. She talks to you like one that is not learned, who seems to doubt, and wishes to be informed, and hearkens to you like one who

knows a great deal, who sets a true value on what you say, and will not let any thing be lost of your conversation. Far from affecting, by contradicting, to shew her wit, or imitating Hebe, who had rather be thought sprightly than a woman of good sense and sound judgment, she appropriates your thoughts to herself, believes them to be her own, extends them, embellishes them, and makes you pleased that you have thought so well, and spoken so much better than you believed yourself capable of speaking. She is always above vanity, and, in speaking or writing, never uses ornaments instead of reason, knowing eloquence consists in simplicity, if it is to serve any one, and to engage you in the same interest; leaving raillery and etiquette to Hebe, who makes use of them in all cases, Matilda employs only sincerity, warmth, earnestness, and persuasion. What is most predominant in her, is the pleasure she takes in reading and conversing with persons of worth and reputation; not so much to be known to them as to know them. We may prophetically commend her for her wisdom: she will, one day, certainly have, and for all the merit she prepares for her riper years; since, with a just conduct, she has the justest intentions, some sure principles, useful to those who, like her, are exposed to assiduity and flattery, and being particular enough without being rude; and, indeed, a little too much inclined to retirement, it is impossible she can want any thing but opportunity, or, as some would call it, a large theatre to unfold all her virtues in their full lustre.

But it is seldom the merit of a woman is universally agreed upon by both sexes;—their interests are too different. The women are displeased with the very same beauties in one another which render them agreeable to the men. A thousand charms which inflame men with the greatest love, move in women aversion and hatred. The greatness of some women is all artificial:—it consists in the motions of their eyes, an air of the head, a stately mien, and a superficial wit. There is in others an easy natural greatness, nothing beholden to motions, look, or gesture, which springs from the heart and is the happy consequence of their noble extraction. A merit not noisy or ostentatious, but solid, accompanied with a thousand virtues, which, in spite of their modesty, break out and shine to all who have eyes to discern them. An old writer says, ‘—I could wish to be a woman; that is, a beautiful woman, from sixteen to twenty-two, after that age to be a man again.’ Nature, truly, has been kind to some young ladies, of which they are not sensible. They spoil by affectation those gifts which they enjoy by the distinguishing favour of Heaven. The tone of their voice, their mien, are not their own; they study, they consult their glass, how to dress themselves as much *out* of nature as they can; and it is not without trouble, they are able to make themselves less agreeable. Were women formed by nature what they are by art, were they to lose all the freshness of their complexion and to have their faces as thick with paint as they lay it on, they would look on themselves as the most wretched creatures in the universe. A coquette is never to be persuaded out of the fondness she has to please, nor out of a good opinion of her own beauty; time and years she regards as things which wrinkle and decay other women; forgets that age is written in the face, and that the same dress which became her when young makes her look the older *now*; affectation attends her, even in sickness and pain, and she dies in a high head and coloured ribbons. But a fine face is the finest of all

sights, and the sweetest music, the sound of that voice whom we love. A beautiful woman who has the qualities of an accomplished man, is, of all conversations, the most delicious; in her is to be found the merit of both sexes. Agreeableness is arbitrary, beauty is something more real and independent on taste and opinion. An inconstant woman is one who is no longer in love; a false woman is one who is in love with another person; a fickle woman, one who neither knows whom she loves, or whether she loves or not; and an indifferent woman, one who does not love at all. Some women have a double engagement to maintain, which to break or dissemble, is equally difficult;—in one there is nothing wanting but the ceremony of the church, and in the other, nothing but the heart.’

But notwithstanding the fair sex have foibles, and even passions of a worse kind,—notwithstanding they operate on society very powerfully, what pleasing reflections inspire the observer that there are thousands of tendrils constantly blossoming round the cottage of affection, which produce the most valuable and delicious fruits.

,

OLD STANDING ORDERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE following curious specimen of the ancient Orders of the House of Commons is taken from a small volume printed in the last century under the title of ‘*Essential and Fundamental Orders of the House of Commons, collected out of the Journals.*’

To those who are only acquainted with the present practice of the House, and the late hours to which the public business is now protracted, these orders will shew how tenacious our ancestors were of the *dignity* and *decorum* of Parliament, and of enforcing the early and regular attendance of the members:

1614, May 17.—Ordered, That this House shall sit every day at seven o’clock in the morning, and enter into the great business at eight o’clock; and no new motion to be made after twelve.

Ordered, That whosoever standeth in the entry of the House pay one shilling presently to the serjeant.

1641.—Ordered, That all the members who shall come to the House after eight o’clock, shall pay one shilling; and that if any member shall forbear to come for the whole day, he shall pay five shillings, to be disposed of as the House shall think fit, and the serjeant is to gather in the money.

1642.—Ordered, That whosoever shall not be at prayers every morning, shall pay one shilling to the poor: a box to be prepared and set up at the door for this purpose, and the burgesses of Westminster are to take care that the money be duly paid.

1647.—Ordered, That so soon as the clock strikes twelve, Mr. Speaker do go out of the chair, and the House shall rise, and that in going forth no member shall stir, until Mr. Speaker do go before, and then all the rest shall follow. Whosoever shall go out of the House before Mr. Speaker, shall forfeit ten shillings, but that the reporters may go first.

Ordered, That while any stranger is in the House, no Member to stir out of his place, or to speak unto another: and if any member shall whisper or cross the House, or read any printed book in the House, he shall pay one shilling into the poor’s box.

1692.—That no member do accept of any entertainment

at any public-house for the carrying on any matter under the consideration of the House, and that the offer of any money or gratuity to any member for matters transacted in the House, shall be deemed a high crime and misdemeanor.

Ordered, That no member ought to receive or give any visit to any foreign agent or ambassador, without the leave and consent of the House.

Ordered, That no member have leave to go into the country, without limiting a time when he is to return.

1693.—Ordered, That no member of the Long Robe do presume to plead any cause at the bar of the House of Lords without leave.

1693.—Ordered, That no member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House, sitting at committees,

Ordered, That no papists do presume to come into Westminster Hall, the Court of Requests, or the Lobby of the House, during the sitting of Parliament, and that the serjeant at arms do take into custody all such persons as shall offend against this order.

Ordered, That if any member has a servant that is a Popish recusant, or refuses to go to church and hear divine service, he shall presently discharge him, under the penalty of sequestration from the House.

Ordered, That if any menial servant of a member be arrested and detained contrary to privilege, he shall, upon complaint thereof, be discharged by order from Mr. Speaker.

Original Poetry.

POEMS BY THE LATE WM. HAYLEY, ESQ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I transmit to you two short poems, which have not, I believe, been printed, written by the late excellent William Hayley, Esquire, a few years previous to his death, and which will not, I think, injure the fame of the celebrated author of 'The Triumphs of Temper,' 'The Life of Milton,' and other estimable works.

I remain, Sir, your's respectfully,

Dec. 8th, 1820.

J. R. P.

A PRAYER

Composed before Day-light, as the Author lay on his Pillow, in deep meditation, a few Days after the Death of a faithful old Servant.

DEPARTED servant! of a mind so pure
That it excited confidence and love,—
Afford me light, while yet my days endure,
From scenes, from thy beatitude above!
Light, if thou can'st, my troubled thoughts to teach
How best I may befriend thy orphan boy;
That he his father's excellence may reach,
And make, as thou did'st, honesty his joy.
Thou wast a Christian, simple and sincere,
Who felt and blest our Lord's divine control;
Thy dying prayers yet echo in my ear,—
May they improve my heart and guide my soul!

*In Remembrance of Walwyn Gregory, born in Felpham, 1764;
Buried, 1806.*

SERVANT approv'd by life's all-judging Lord;
Ascend, meek Walwyn, to thy due reward.
'Come thou good servant,' is the call divine,
To souls of tried fidelity, like thine:

In word and action gentle, kind, and just,—
Thy faith was fervent,—steady was thy trust;
What Christian here the paths of trial trod,
Whose heart could seem more worthy of its God?
Thy native village, conscious of thy worth,
Describes thee here,—a lesson to the earth.
Thro' life well-doing, to thy utmost power,—
Devoutly duteous in death's awful hour!

THE NEW TRAGEDY OF 'WALLACE.'

WALLACE displays his patriotic fire,
Lest should his land by foes be over-run;
Yet, what a trifle changes man's desire,
He does not fight for freedom, but—a *Burn*.
J. R. P.

TO CORINNA.

How sweet the rose, its fragrance shedding,
As through the air the perfume flies;
From other flowers no rival dreading,
With all around it boldly vies.

How sweet the lily, perfect emblem
Of all that's heavenly purely bright;
Fair innocence herself resembling,
Chaste as the moon's pale silver light.

Does then the rose, its sweets expanding,
Attract the sight, delight the sense?
Corinna's charms each heart commanding,
Their loveliness to all dispense.

Or does the lily, white yet splendent,
Exhibit pureness as it blows?
Corinna's chastity transcendent
Rivals the winter's clearest snows.

When on those flowers with rapture gazing,
I see their varied beauties shine;
My hope, oh bliss! oh joy! amazing,
Is that Corinna will be mine.

Then hast thee, love, thyself resigning,
My joyful heart shall thee receive,
Roses and lilies then entwining,
As bridal chaplets I will weave.

TO * * * *

Oh: when shall our hearts be united,
When mingle their sorrows again?
Believe me, tho' now they are blighted,
The seeds of affection remain.
Too much have I suffer'd without thee,
E'en more than thy wrongs could require,—
And thus my soul hovers about thee,
Still, still, to thy love doth aspire.

Oh, where are the soft hours of pleasure,
Oh, where are the moments of bliss,
When love, left by sorrow at leisure,
Could banquet on purity's kiss?
They are gone, but remembrance remaineth,—
Remembrance that pleaseth me yet,
Tho' mix'd with reflection that paineth,
I cannot those moments forget.

Time was when those moments were many,
But that has gone past, and 'tis now
A mock'ry to think there were any
Such sweets, when forgotten love's vow.
But who that hath rapture partaken,
Forgetteth such lot hath been theirs?
There are hours when the past will awaken,
Tho' little to welcome it bears.

But away with the thought, it but bringeth
 Too much of that past to delight;
 The heart of the dreamer it wringeth,—
 If cherish'd, 'twill madden it quite.
 For when will our hearts be united,
 When mingle their sorrows again?
 Alas! they're so bitterly blighted,
 It renders the hope nearly vain.

S. R. J.

THE RETURN.*

THE combat is o'er, and our labour is done;
 The fray has been ventur'd, the fight has been won;
 The steed has return'd from the battle again
 With the blood on his hoof, and the foam on his main.
 The eyes that we left have forgotten their tears;
 The bosoms that sorrow'd have buried their fears;
 They look from their tow'rs, and their white arm they wave,
 And welcome, with smiles, the return of the brave.
 We have cross'd the wide Grampian, and well have we sped;
 And the stream on the border with blood has been red;
 Look sharply, my kinsmen, wind clearly the blast,
 That our warder may know that the peril is past.
 Our steeds gain new mettle as home they draw near;
 Place the sword in the scabbard, and back with the spear;
 Give the spur, give the rein, ere an hour shall be gone,
 Our hearts shall rejoice o'er the spoil we have won.
 'Tis o'er! we have won, we have gain'd our strong hold;
 Let the minstrel attend, that the tale may be told;
 Place the haunch on the board, crown the goblet with wine,
 It has bravely been ta'en, and we'll merrily dine.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

TO J. W. DALBY, Esq.

I think of all that heaven, Sir,
 To mortal man has given, Sir,
 Both gen'rous, pure, and free;
 Nought supersedes the power, Sir,
 To dedicate an hour, Sir,
 To blithsome poesy;
 And I doubt not you will agree, Sir,
 In this important point with me, Sir.
 For mark, when we retire, Sir,
 To a bright winter fire, Sir,
 What can give more delight
 Than to pen down each thought, Sir,
 Which forward comes, unsought, Sir
 To cheer the gloomy night;
 And I must think it, (and no crime, Sir,)
 A harmless way of killing time, Sir.
 But there are some I hear, Sir,
 Who at the muses sneer, Sir,
 And us as blockheads brand;
 But trace the cause,—indeed, Sir,
 We find, though they can read, Sir,
 They cannot understand;
 And, therefore, ev'ry man of sense, Sir,
 Will say, this is foul evidence, Sir.

J. D. NEWMAN.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Saturday last, (the 10th of December, the day of the anniversary, falling upon Sunday,) the election of the president and other officers of this Institution, as well as the distribution of the prizes to the students, took place.

* Vide Walter Scott.—FORAY.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was re-elected president; Mr. Fuseli, keeper; Mr. Howard, secretary; and the subordinate officers also to the stations which they filled during the last year.

At nine o'clock the students and visitors were admitted into the Council Chamber, where the academicians were assembled in form. The president, who was in the chair in court dress, and wore the superb medal and gold chain presented to him by his Majesty, then distributed the following medals:—

A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, to Mr. Watts, for the best copy of an Ostade in the school of painting.

A silver medal for the second best copy in that school, (the original, the Infancy of Bacchus, by Poussin,) to Mr. Sharp.

A silver medal for the best drawing from the living model, to Mr. A. Morton.

A silver medal for the best model from the living model, to Mr. Pitts.

A silver medal for the best drawing from an antique figure, (one of the dying sons of Niobe,) to Mr. Wood.

A silver medal for the best model from the same figure, to Mr. R. Williams.

A silver medal to Mr. George Allen, for the best architectural drawing, being the plan and elevation of the College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Square.

The president then addressed the students, and after expressing his displeasure at the slow and inefficient progress in certain respects of the students of the Life Academy, he pointed out the course which he considered most proper for them, as aiming at the grand object of art to pursue. 'Some,' said he, 'as accords with their various tastes, should endeavour to catch the action or energy of the living model before them—others, to imitate the traits of individual character—some, again, to embody the vigour of manhood—others, to trace the more careful forms of female loveliness—some, to give the softness, the richness, the nature and substance of flesh—others, to catch those splendid gleams of light, from nature, which always surprise and please. The advantages which the Academy affords in the Painting School also, should be an additional spur to the advancement of the Student; for, not to mention the importance of the study of such examples of the great masters, in regard both to the choice and the treatment of a subject, the very presence of them should be some excitement to emulation, if the student considers that he sits side by side, and studies, as it were, in company with those celebrated painters.' It was with sincere pleasure, the president said, that he noticed the continued and decided improvement of the students of the antique; their sense of his Majesty's most gracious regard for the Royal Academy, in presenting them with so splendid a collection of antique models; many of them cast under the inspection of the greatest sculptor which ages have produced; and their veneration for those memorials of the taste of the best age of Greece, were fully proved by the zeal and attention which their drawing displayed. He recommended to them strenuously to endeavour at a progressive improvement, and to remember the uncertain tenure by which all excellence is held. He trusted that the time would come, when, having accomplished the noblest ends of art, and their works being submitted to the inspection of men the most enlightened in understanding, most refined in taste, and profound in learning of all Europe, it might with pride be acknow-

ledged, that the basis of so magnificent a fabric was laid under the auspices of Mr. Fuseli. The president concluded, by expressing his earnest wishes for their prosperity and happiness.

M. JERRICAULT'S PICTURE OF THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA.

'Dire was the tossing, deep the groans! Despair
Tended them—
And over them, triumphant, Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.'—MILTON.

IT is with great pleasure that we feel ourselves called upon to offer a few remarks on this classical and magnificent picture. We have contemplated it with delight, as a grand specimen of the powers of the human mind, exalted by imaginative genius, supported by skill, chastened by taste, and embodying the creations of its fancy in a work, which will be gazed upon and admired as long as there is any thing in the soul capable of being touched by the highest exertions of art in the representation of the most awful and affecting of scenes.—We do not scruple to give our opinion that the exertions of M. Jerricault have met with the most complete success; there are faults in this production we confess, but nothing human is perfect; there are deficiencies which the artist's skill might have avoided, and which we feel persuaded M. Jerricault can hereafter avoid; but cold must be that critic, and dull his feelings, who can look with apathy on such a representation of such a scene, or who can in any short time sufficiently collect himself to explore the causes of his admiration, much less to look for faults in the work before him. Such, we can safely affirm, was not our case. At the first view of this picture we were electrified with astonishment; and we continued gazing on the tremendous scene in admiration for a considerable time after our entrance into the room. We shall endeavour to impart to our readers some idea of this masterly performance by the few cursory observations which we shall now lay before them. The point of time is, perhaps, the happiest which could have been chosen, from the whole duration of protracted suffering which these wretched men underwent; it is that in which the sail has just been descried, which is about to bring them that relief of which they had now despaired; by this means the spectator is spared the harrowing contemplation of miseries, of which human nature can hardly bear the recital; and the painter is enabled to introduce a greater portion of variety than at any other period, without losing sight of the grand object of the picture, the excitation of interest by means of horror and pity. The subject has admitted a great display of anatomical knowledge without impropriety, and M. Jerricault has exercised it with a degree of judgment, intelligence, and skill, scarcely ever surpassed, perhaps, but by that Bria-reus of composition, the mighty Buonarotti. M. Sarigni, (to whom, with his friend Correard, the public are indebted for the celebrated narrative, by which the sufferings of these unfortunate beings have been made so well known,) is represented standing against the mast raised with the awning, as a shelter from the torrid beams of the sun, after the destruction of their companions—he looks frozen by the chilling blast of despair; the soul petrified by 'cold obstruction's apathy,' seems to have scarcely left upon his countenance the traces of the emotions by which it was lately harrowed, 'Now, farewell Hope, and with Hope, farewell Fear.' The glazed eye bent upon va-

cancy, is insensible to the hope of relief, which now, for the first time, is bursting through the storm by which they were so lately overwhelmed. His friend Correard, anxious and alarmed for his reason, is attempting to rouse him from his state of stupefaction; while mounted on a cask, and supported by Lavalette, one of the unhappy crew is waving a shattered ensign as a signal to the distant sail. Nearer to the eye of the spectator, a young man is raising his emaciated body from under the corpse of a young black; with one hand, elevating himself from the raft, with the other, he clings to the thigh of him who waves the signal; this figure is seen in a back view, but the attitude and execution is so excellent, that we can trace the anxiety to catch a glimpse of that relief, his view of which is intercepted by the thigh to which he hangs, forming, as it were, the base of the pyramidal group which is pointed by the man whose hand waves the ensign, which is to attract the notice of the vessel. Forming, as it were, a link, between this and the left hand group, is a man, who clings to the garments of Lavalette, starting from under the awning to partake of the joy of his companions. A fine sweep is given to this figure by a piece of sail-cloth, bloody with the late conflict, and afterwards drenched by the beating of the boisterous waves. This is inimitably executed, and the whole grouping of this part of the picture, exquisite as it is, is equalled by a chastened colouring and decided chiaroscuro, which may vie with some of the finest productions of the historic pencil. The figure of a father, whose son has just expired upon his knees, insensible to the pleasure of his companions, unmindful of happiness, of relief of life, clasping with one wounded arm the breathless corse of his only hope, as if he would say, 'This still is mine, of which I may not be deprived,' with vacant stare just fixing, in the first aberrations of reason, mocks all description; if we except that of the author of *Don Juan*, who (if fame speak true, and if criticism may confirm the belief) has so exquisitely depicted this groupe in a passage of that powerful but noxious publication:—

'The boy expired—the father held the clay
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wishfully.'

The dead body of a soldier, slain in the late conflict, behind this interesting groupe, and the corse of a young man half covered with a sack-cloth, washing gradually off the raft, are wonderful specimens of the knowledge of anatomy, and fine imagination of the French artist. These two figures, with the exception of a few less conspicuous, complete the painting. The incipient derangement of the father is finely contrasted by the gloomy madness of another sufferer, who has lost all perception of happiness, and whose only sensation is a vague and undefined sense of perfect misery. The only fault we observed in this performance is a *rather* too great monotony of colour; this, however, is infinitely preferable to the meretricious glitter and richness of most of our modern painters. On the whole, for genius in design, for judgment in composition, for nature of detail, for chastity of colouring, and breadth of chiaroscuro, this picture is deserving of the highest rank among the works of art;—it is a credit to the painter, a glory to his nation, and we trust it will prove a source of emulation to the rising artists of Great Britain.

WILLIAM HENRY PARRY.

DRUR
ance thi
Henry B
the most
siastic ap
voice, an
as Braha
herself r
ters were

COVE
performe
pose of i
This ge
circles,
yet the
pated; I
the publ
reasonab
which is
public.
denhoff
what ab
would a
nance is
the char
feeblene
ness of
and the
lia, in w
pointme
speak ag
with G
is mispl
lingness
discover
full dev
great fo
sionally
tion, an
but this
audienc
and par
which,
As the
his mac
pressive
attende
Of M
exceller
corresp
Edmun
as Earl
serve f
Mrs. F
part to
gain m
howeve
credita
not en
must b
midnig
night i

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Braham made his first appearance this season on Saturday night, in the character of Henry Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*. He was greeted with the most hearty welcome, and honoured with the enthusiastic applause of a crowded house. He was in excellent voice, and gave the delightful airs in this favourite opera as Braham alone could give them. Miss Povey acquitted herself respectably in Lucy Bertram. The other characters were cast as usual.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of *King Lear* was performed at this theatre on Saturday night, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Vandenhoff to a London audience. This gentleman had been much spoken of in theatrical circles, and had obtained great celebrity in Liverpool; yet the house was not so much crowded as we had anticipated; but this, if not attributable to the engrossment of the public mind by the political movements of the day, may reasonably be ascribed to the character of the drama, which is neither pleasing in itself nor a favorite with the public. The pit, however, was crowded, and Mr. Vandenhoff met with a most cordial reception. He is somewhat above the medium height, and, as far as his robes would allow us to judge, his figure is good. His countenance is capable of great expression, and his conception of the character of Lear is at once original and correct: the feebleness,—the rash impetuosity,—and the paternal fondness of the venerable king, were very finely delineated; and the impressive manner, in his first scene with Cordelia, in which, with mingled feelings of surprise and disappointment, he gave,—‘nothing can come of nothing,—speak again;’ drew forth bursts of admiration. His scene with Goneril, where he discovers how much his affection is misplaced, was fraught with deep interest; his unwillingness to believe her ingratitude,—his emotion as she discovered her unnatural character,—and his anger at the full development of her guilt, were all displayed with great force and originality. His voice, however, occasionally lost its consistency, probably from too strong exertion, and his being unaccustomed to so large a theatre; but this defect seemed scarcely noticed by his enraptured audience, who awarded him their undivided applause; and particularly on his pronouncing his curse on Goneril, which, however, we thought he delivered too rapidly. As the piece proceeded, he gained in our estimation: in his mad scenes with ‘Poor Tom,’ he was eminently impressive; but nothing could exceed the applause, which attended him in every part of the last scene.

Of Mr. C. Kemble’s Edgar, we need only say, it was excellent; it has already been justly commented on, by a correspondent, in a recent Number.* Mr. Abbott, as Edmund; Mr. Fawcett, as Earl of Kent; Mr. Egerton, as Earl of Gloucester, and Mr. Farley, as Oswald, deserve favorable mention. It was to be lamented that Mrs. Faucit’s illness rendered it necessary for Regan’s part to be read, but neither it nor that of Goneril can ever gain much eclat for their representatives; Mrs. T. Hill, however, in the reading of Regan, acquitted herself very creditably; Miss Foote played Cordelia interestingly, but not entirely to our satisfaction; and her veil head-dress must be condemned as singularly unsuitable for ‘the midnight piercing cold,’ and for ‘all the horrors’ of a night in which—

‘Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain,’

Were never remembered to have been heard; and had her waiting-maid had some kind of cloak about her, it would not, in our judgment, have been inappropriate. The tragedy throughout was most highly applauded; and when Mr. C. Kemble came forward to announce the Monday’s performance, his voice was drowned amidst cries of ‘Vandenhoff, Vandenhoff.’ He retired amidst the din, and, after a space of ten minutes, Mr. V. came forward, and announced the repetition of the piece for Monday amidst enthusiastic cheers.

On Thursday, *A new Way to pay Old Debts* was performed; Sir Giles Overreach by Mr. Vandenhoff. This piece, almost as objectionable a drama as *King Lear*, originally revived for the exhibition of Mr. Kean, can never become a favourite with the public, nor can we approve any system of stage management, which, for the mere purpose of displaying good acting in two or three scenes, shall suffer the audience to remain uninterested and unentertained during the remainder; this remark being strictly applicable to *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, we still hope to see Mr. Vandenhoff in some drama where the general interest of the piece may be in unison with that which this gentleman appears eminently capable of exciting. The character of Sir Giles, a tyrannical, hypocritical, ambitious villain, gave ample scope for exhibiting the base passions which disgrace human nature, and Mr. Vandenhoff displayed them with admirable skill; the profound dissimulation and sudden burst of assumed affection with which he received his lately despised nephew, were very fine; his anger, scorn, and servility were invariably effective and laudable; and but for one or two discordantly-expressed exclamations, in his last scene, before he casts himself on the earth in the agonies of disappointment, his entire performance would merit unqualified approbation; the manner, however, in which he executed the last part of his arduous undertaking, was deservedly and rapturously applauded. Mr. C. Kemble’s Wellborn was played with genuine spirit; and Mr. W. Farren’s Marrall deserves peculiar commendation. Mrs. Knight, from Old Drury, played Lady Allworth; Miss Foote, Margaret; and if good acting could have reconciled us to this improbable and in part ridiculous representation, we must have left the theatre highly gratified; but this pleasure is never to be expected when *A new Way to pay Old Debts* is the only evening’s amusement. This piece was, however, announced for repetition on Saturday night, with considerable marks of satisfaction.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Denmark.—The royal library of Copenhagen contains between three and 400,000 volumes of printed works, and a prodigious number of interesting MSS. At the sale of the fine library of Count Otto Thot, amounting to 116,395 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets, manuscripts, and *incunabula*, the royal library obtained an accession of 50,000 volumes; and the count, by his will, had bequeathed to it 4154 MSS. with his valuable collection of 6159 works that had been printed before the year 1530. In 1789, the Danish government bought up the library of Luxdorf, rich in classical works and in MSS. and it was

* *Literary Chronicle*, No. 76, p. 697.

annexed to the royal library. It afterwards received valuable acquisitions at the sale of the libraries of Oeder, Holmskiöld, Rottboll, Ancher, and others, in 1789, 90, 91, 93, 94, and 98. In 1796, an accession was made of the immense library of Suhm, the historian. He had collected, in the course of 50 years, 100,000 volumes, which he left to the disposition of the public. A little before his death, he presented them to the royal library; it was not so large, but was a better selection and of higher value than that of Thot. In 1787, previous to these numerous acquisitions, the royal library contained a very great number of books and MSS.

Gaseous Water.—M. Docbereiner, of Jena, professes to have discovered a method of fabricating gaseous water out of the carbonic acid which is disengaged from substances in fermentation, by adapting a process of sulphur to the tubs that hold them, similar to what is done in laboratories. The above project is to be realised in a magnificent brewery, which is intended to be raised at a country seat of the Grand Duke, in High Weimar. M. D. maintains that twenty times more gaseous water than beer may be extracted, without any additional expense. This water will serve both for drinking and bathing in, in a number of distempered cases.

Distillation of Sea Water.—By processes now in use for the distillation and purifying of sea water, means have been found to deprive it of its salt taste, but not of its empyreumatic smell. M. Nicole, a pharmacist, of Dieppe, professes to have realised this desirable object, by means of a filtre, charged with a layer of coal, which the vapour, in its ascension, has to pass through. The details are in his MS. memoir, which he has read and deposited in the Medical Society of Dieppe.

Gas.—Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, has rendered the flame of hydrogen luminous like that of oil, by adding a small quantity of oil of turpentine to the usual mixture for generating that gas.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Clerical Distinctions.—In the 31st Hen. VIII. c. 14. 'For abolishing diversity of opinions in certain articles concerning the Christian religion; the 8th clause enacts, 'That if any priest keep any woman to whom he is, or hath been married, or with whom he hath contracted matrimony, every such carnal use, open conversation, &c. shall be adjudged felony, as well against the man as against the woman.' But by the 9th clause it is enacted, 'That if any priest do carnally use and accustom any woman, or keep her as his concubine, as by paying for her board, maintaining her with money, array, or any gifts, &c. that then he shall forfeit all his goods, chattels, and benefices, &c., and suffer imprisonment: and offending after conviction, shall be adjudged guilty of felony.' Thus an offence against the resolutions of the Convocation was deemed more heinous than a violation of the laws of religion and morality.

Dead-men's-eyes,—in the sea language, a kind of blocks with many holes in them, but no sheevers, by which the shrouds are fastened to the chains; the crow-feet reeve also through these holes; and, in some ships, the mainstays are set tawt in them; but then they have only one hole, through which the lanyards are passed several times.

Culprit.—Culprit seems to have been a vulgar name for a prisoner—a person taken by that part which is most exposed in running away. Holinshed has expressed the same idea more delicately VIII., p. 182, 'the prentices were caught [by the

backs,' and 'had to prison.' And so it is expressed in ancient Scottish poems, p. 182, v. 15., yet deid [death] sal tak him be the bac. Culprit is a formal word used by the clerk of the arraignments, in trials, to a person indicted for a criminal matter, when he has registered the prisoner's plea, *not guilty*, and proceeds to demand of him (culprit), 'How wilt thou be tried? Culprit seems to be compounded of two words, i. e. *cul* and *prit*, viz. *cul* of *culpabilis*, and is a reply of a proper officer, on behalf of the king, affirming the party to be guilty, after he hath pleaded, *not guilty*; the other word *prit* of *prest*, F. i. e. ready, and is as much as to say, that he is ready to prove the party guilty. Others again derive it from *culpa*, in a fault, and *prehensus*, taken, L. i. e. a criminal, or malefactor.

'*O Sapientia!*—in our calendar, the 16th December, and marked 17th December in the Roman calendar on account of the alteration of the Gregorian style, is so called from the seven Antiphons (all which begin with the letter O), which are sung on the seven days before Christmas eve, and are usually called the seven great O's. The Antiphon for the 17th December is this,—*O Sapientia, quæ ex ore altissimi prodiisti attingens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter suaviter que disponens omnia, veni ad docendum nos viam Prudentiæ.*'

COLE'S MSS., VOL. XXIV.

Epitaphs.—The Jews inscribed epitaphs on the monuments of the dead. The Athenians put only the name of the dead with the epithet 'good,' or 'hero;' and a word expressive of the wishes of the defunct. The Lacedæmonians allowed epithets to none but those who had died in battle. The Romans inscribed their epitaphs to the *manes, diis manibus*. The epitaphs of the present day are commonly fulsome, and hence the origin of the French epitaph, *menteur comme un epitaphe*:—he *lies* like an epitaph.

The following epitaph is the simple chronicle of an extraordinary man, and as well told, perhaps, as many of the lofty and pompous inscriptions in the abbey of Westminster.

Beneath this stone, in sound repose,
Lies William Rich, of Lydeard Close;
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five;
Of great grandchildren five times four.
Rich born, Rich bred, but Fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

Bon Mot.—A gentleman, at a public dinner, a few days ago, whose name was *Snow*, improved his complexion very much by the circulation of the glass; on which a friend near him remarked, that he had always doubted the existence of *Red Snow*, until the present moment.

* * * *The next Volume of The Literary Chronicle will be printed on a Paper uniformly fine with that upon which The Country Literary Chronicle is printed, without any advance in price. The new volume commencing with the new year, will present a favourable opportunity for the entrance of new Subscribers.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Anecdotes of the Highlands,' in our next. We shall be happy to hear again from Ullin.

The Poem of J. R. P. shall have insertion. We thank him for his suggestions.

The favours of Auld Dominie, Sam Spritsail, and J. W. D., are received, and shall have early attention.

LONDON:—Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, two doors EAST of Exeter 'Change; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by SOUTER, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; CHAPPLE, Pall Mall; GRAPEL, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.